Feeling Threatened

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Feeling Threatened

by WordsAblaze

Summary

"I know you're awake."

Will curses under his breath and opens his eyes. Only to find that doesn't work. He blinks rapidly for several extended seconds before frustratedly concluding something has been wrapped around his eyes, an unfairly soft fabric that shouldn't feel even nearly as nice as it does whilst cutting off one of his senses.

"If you scream, I will slice your vocal cords in half."

Right. Well then.

Notes

this is an anti fix-it in which i make it WORSE >:)

day 18 prompts used: blindfold / tortured for information

See the end of the work for more notes

“I know you’re awake.”

Will curses under his breath and opens his eyes. Only to find that doesn’t work. He blinks rapidly for several extended seconds before frustratedly concluding something has been wrapped around his eyes, an unfairly soft fabric that shouldn’t feel even nearly as nice as it does whilst cutting off one of his senses.

“If you scream, I will slice your vocal cords in half.”

Right. Well then.

“Good to know, Tobias,” Will replies, coughing when his voice fizzles out.

There’s a surprised noise before someone—Tobias, judging by the way his assumption hasn’t been corrected—chuckles. “Perceptive, aren’t you?”

Will shrugs. “So I’ve been told. Why am I alive?”

Again, Tobias seems thrown off by his question, which gives Will the impression that, although *he’s* the one currently blindfolded and tied to a chair in what must be a basement, *Tobias* is the one who can’t see enough of the wider picture to piece together the clues. “You’re not the only one able to perceive the Chesapeake Ripper,” he replies eventually.

Frowning, Will tilts his head to the left. “You’re after the *Ripper* ?”

“ *After* him?” Tobias scoffs, his voice having migrated from in front of Will to behind him, a realisation that has him tensing in anticipation. “No, no. I already know who he is.”

Will bites his tongue to avoid giving his thoughts away. He forces himself to exhale slowly. “Congratulations. What do you need me for, then?”

A hand tugs on Will’s hair and his head is sharply yanked backwards. Tobias must be leaning down because he can feel the other man’s breath against his ear. “I know the *Ripper* in all of his glory, but you know the man he parades as better than anyone.”

The implication takes a moment to register, after which Will finds himself laughing. “You want *information* ? You’re risking your entire career for the possibility of more information on the serial killer you’re trying to impress?”

Tobias doesn’t seem to understand his amusement and Will’s head is harshly thrown forwards with a huff of anger. A few seconds of heavy footsteps later, sharp, *burning* pain blooms across Will’s legs. He cries out, jerking against his restraints; unfortunately, said restraints seem to be a thin but fierce kind of cord that digs horribly into the skin of his wrists and ankles as he moves.

The hot pain has only just died down into something manageable when Tobias yanks his head back again, his breath sending a shiver through Will’s spine this time. “I don’t need your approval. All I need is information. And you *will* give it to me, if you value your skin.”

Will is more concerned about his *veins* and the cord that is clearly capable of slicing right through them if he struggles too much, but he doesn't voice that concern, instead nodding as best as possible. "What do you need to know?"

"Who are you to him?" Tobias asks, his voice becoming a little more distant.

His head throbbing, Will frowns. "What?"

"Who are you to Hannibal Lecter?" Tobias clarifies, and Will swallows. He'd been hoping—foolish, really, when that has never worked for him before—that Tobias' assumption would be wrong, that he'd attribute the Chesapeake Ripper to someone insignificant, but no, he seems to have genuinely figured his identity out.

Will must take too long to organise his thoughts because a blinding stripe of pain flicks across his right bicep, catching his chest as what must be some strange sort of whip curls to settle. He groans, clenching his jaw as he forces himself to remain still. "We work together," he grits out.

"You didn't seem surprised at the revelation of his name," Tobias notes, curious and smug. Will inwardly chides himself for being so careless, knowing that Hannibal would be so disappointed in him if his meticulously crafted life were to fall apart because Will failed to maintain pretences in the face of just the slightest pain.

As if on cue, another streak of pain wraps around his shoulder, and Will can't resist flinching, the cords around his wrists slicing just a little deeper as blood begins to trickle along his fingers. "I can't say he hasn't been on my suspect list," Will says eventually, "especially since watching him appreciate your… attempts at serenading him."

A pause, then: "Appreciate?"

"Greatly so," Will confirms, lying through his teeth. Hannibal had been *impressed* , yes, but he hadn't quite *appreciated* the display, mostly because the revelation of Tobias' involvement had meant having to search for a new harpsichord string supplier. Priorities.

Long, slender fingers clamp around Will's jaw, withstanding his flinch with ease. "And what exactly does he see in you to prefer you over my glorious tribute?"

Will squeezes his eyes shut, despite that making no difference to the situation on account of the blindfold, and waits until the pressure of Tobias' hand disappears before beginning to breathe again. "You may have to ask him that one yourself."

The whip whistles as it flies towards his legs again, and Will groans as the new slash crosses over the previous one, his skin stinging loudly. His muscles tense as he forces himself not to move his ankles, knowing that he can't risk injuring them in case he needs to run—not that the opportunity for escape seems to want to present itself any time soon.

"I'm. Asking. You."

“And I’m *telling* you I *don’t know* what he sees in me!” Will hisses, and there must be a sufficient amount of sincerity in his voice because Tobias merely hums from somewhere behind him.

“Alright. So tell me where he does his preparation.”

The whip comes down before he can answer, and Will yells both in pain and indignation. “You didn’t even let me answer,” he groans, then shakes his head, “but I wouldn’t have told you anyway.” He’s not surprised when the whip next lands, but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt, and tears spill from his eyes as he grits his teeth, slowing his breathing down as much as possible.

“You’re almost as stubborn as Franklin,” Tobias comments.

Will, despite their situation, scoffs. “You’re not so far from him yourself. Clearly the two of you share a twisted inclination for stalking.”

“I was *hunting* ,” Tobias corrects, his tone sharp and cold.

Will shrugs, suppressing the wince that rises when the movement pulls on his injuries. “Not a very successful hunt.”

He couldn't have expected the next lick of pain to curl over his face, and he all but *screams* when it lands. He squeezes his eyes shut—he’s suddenly grateful that Tobias has blindfolded him and thus can’t see the fear that must now be evident in them—and catalogues the injury's beginning on the left side of his jaw and its ending at his right ear. It hurts far more than any of the others, and, unfortunately, it means he'd unconsciously pulled at his bindings, sending the cord deeper into his wrists and ankles. He wonders, briefly, how much more jostling they can take before he disturbs something vital.

Tobias hums in satisfaction behind him. "You fit well into the role of prey."

"So will you," Will replies, wincing as his voice cracks.

"Oh, really?" Tobias asks loftily, "And what makes you think that?"

Will braces himself before smirking, ignoring the way that pulls on the wound across his face, especially where the whip had caught the corner of his lips. "You could have acted at any point. Yet you chose to wait until I had absolutely no way of fighting back."

Not that he thinks he could have won in a fight between them, but his words have the desired effect and Tobias practically snarls, the blindfold ripped away between one blink and the next. Will squints against the sudden burst of light and clenches his jaw when he meets Tobias' furious gaze. "You think yourself invincible?"

"No," Will replies honestly, "but, clearly, neither do you."

A pause, with Tobias glowering at him in frustration, then: "You would be more useful dead."

"Would I?" Will asks, forcing his breathing to remain steady. He somewhat regrets being successful in his attempt to goad Tobias because it's almost worse being able to watch his movements and track the whip as it flickers; he's never been on good terms with the stress of anticipation and this is, in a very literal sense, possibly the most painful kind.

Tobias flexes his fingers around the handle of the whip—an unlucky customer turned victim, if Will were to judge by its colour and texture—and cocks his head to the right. "Let's find out, shall we?"

"Your invincibility against mine," Will mutters, though, truth be told, he doesn't have much faith in his blood-soaked odds.

End Notes

two days without Hannibal, oops, but i'll bring him back to comfort Will tomorrow <3

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